

REBECCA AT THE WELL.
(A Modern Version.)

His Identity.

DRUMMER—I understand that a stranger was found dead in a pasture near here day before yesterday. Has his identity been established yet?

SQUAM CORNERS MERCHANT—No, he was a stoop-shouldered, long-haired, wild-looking man, and there wasn't a scrap of writing about his person to indicate his name or address. But in his pockets were found a package of morphine, three dynamite cartridges, a razor, a box of pills, a corkcaw, a slung-shot, a bottle of vitriol, seven tracts, some loaded dice, a mud-stone and the address of a matrimonial agency. The Coroner's jury viewed the body and decided that he was some fellow who had been looking for trouble, either literally, externally, eternally or infernally, and had probably found it, and they let it go at that.

A MEAN MAN.

McSWATTERS—What's that woman singing out the way?

MRS. McSWATTERS—She is singing "My Lover Has Gone O'er the Sea."

McSWATTERS—Well, I bet I know what made her take that trip.

SARCASM AWHEEL.



SHE—Now, George, keep a good lookout and steer carefully.

N. B.—George is on the tandem in the rear.

His Fame Unavoidable.

"There is a man who will ever be remembered by his works."

"Indeed! Who is he?"

"Hungry Ike, the dunco steerer."

A Brief Respite.

MRS. TOWNE—How did you sleep last night?

TOWNE (father of twins)—Accidentally.

A Trying Moment.

The young man sprang from his chair with an air of intense excitement.

First he stamped his feet savagely, and then he gave a couple of kicks, as if reaching for some unseen enemy. He then jumped around the room, danced an impromptu jig, and sat down again with a look of pain on his finely-chiselled features.

No, he was not going crazy, and when you get to understand the situation there was really nothing very unusual about his conduct.

He had simply put on a new pair of shoes for the first time.

The Same Nationality.

"Young Mr. Pips is a cousin-german of yours, I believe," said Mrs. Kilaunt to Mrs. Skidmore.

"Oh, dear, no. He's not German at all. He's American, like the rest of us."



How He Won Her.

"I cannot marry you," she answered frigidly, "because I do not love you."

"Aw, fergit it!" retorted the young man brusquely. "Excuse the colloquialism, but you really take my breath away. I confess, I am astonished that a girl of your age and experience should try such a bluff as that. Had you said that my prospects were not sufficiently promising for your extravagant tastes, or that my blood was not up to your standard of idleness, I might have believed you. But to tell me that you do not love me—bah, the idea is absurd!"

How dare!

"Please! Do not interrupt. Nothing annoys me more, and I warn you that if I go away in a huff, I may never return. As I was saying the very loss of your not loving me is ridiculous. Do you think I have no eyes in my head? Why, your face brightens up at the very sight of me, and when I speak to you a child could discover the state of your feelings. And do you imagine I did not observe how thin you had grown during that week I was away from the city, or that I failed to note how you picked up on my return? Then, too, if further proof were needed, your appetite has surprisingly decreased, and the fact that your beer-drinking limit has fallen to three plates speaks for itself. Deny it if you will, it is perfectly obvious that you are hopelessly and head over ears in love with me."

"Say no more, George," murmured the girl, whose expression had gradually changed from speechless indignation to a look of mingled pride and devotion. "I am yours. I refused you at first on account of your poverty, but riches will surely come to a man with your wonderful nerve."

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A Benefactor of the Race.

"This is an outrage!" exclaimed the newly-arrived shingle indignantly. "Do you not know that I was the greatest philanthropist of the nineteenth century? Are you not aware that my very name is blessed by the poor, and that a tendering thought for shingles has been erected to my memory? And yet you put me in the second row, behind another man!"

"I am sorry that there should be any feeding in the matter," said St. Peter gently. "But there was really no alternative. Great as you were on earth, much as you have done for humanity, that man was even greater and has done more."

Done more?

"Yes. Where you have improved the condition of thousands, he has provided millions with a means of livelihood who must otherwise inevitably have perished by starvation. While your own work began and ended in the nineteenth century, his dates back to the very dawn of civilization, and will continue its charitable mission until the earth shall be no more."

"Who was he?" inquired the newly-arrived shingle in an awe-struck voice.

"The man," replied St. Peter, "who invented the mother-in-law joke."

How it Was.

URCHIN—Say, mister, give me a job as office boy? Me mudder's dead an' I'm poor.

EMPLOYER—I've just engaged a lad. His mother is dead, too.

URCHIN—But dat kid's mudder has been dead two years, an' mine has only died six months ago.

An Idiom Applied.

"I understand," remarked the newly-arrived missionary, "that my predecessor, the young Irishman, was very popular among you."

"You speak truly," replied the African chief, "I distinctly remember his lips. We all liked him exceedingly. Indeed, to quote one of his own droll expressions, he was a 'broth of a boy.'"

HOW COULD YOU GET OUT OF IT ALIVE?



The reader who sends in the first solution of this puzzle gets a free trip to Harlem and return.

An Expert Opinion.

JUDGE—What do you think was the reason that your father whipped your mother?

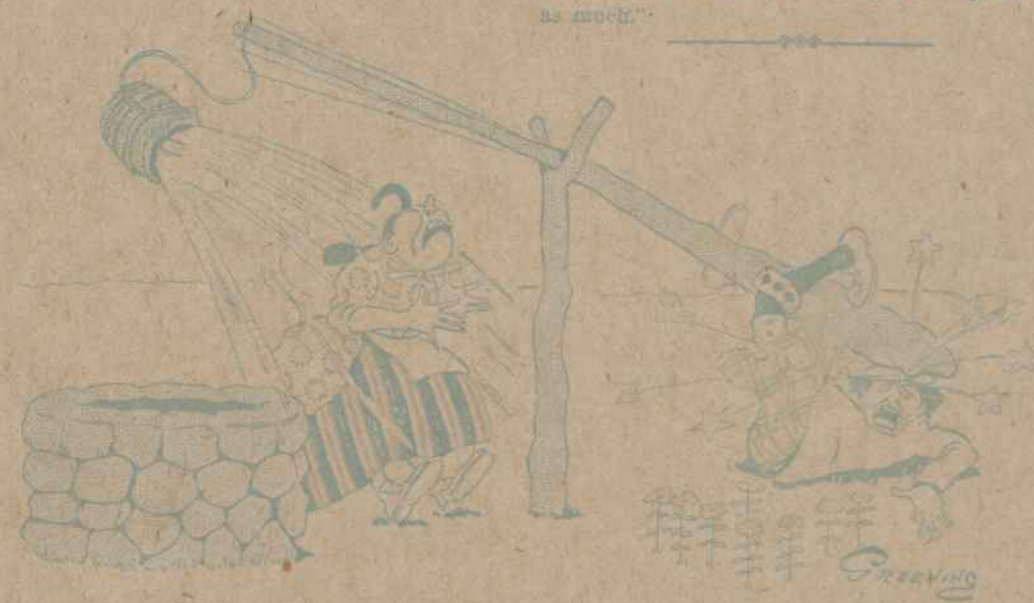
BILLY—Well, I think it was because he was in the pink o' condition, while she was overcast.

A Considerate Boy.

Like many fathers, Mr. Goodthing is indulgent to a degree. His kind heart revolts at the thought of corporal punishment, and as he has a firm belief in the efficiency of moral suasion, Tommy's doings are few and far between. But there are times when Mr. Goodthing is compelled to literally take the law into his own hands, and this was one of them. Even the gentlest of parents will revolt when his wheel has been taken to pieces in order that the ball bearings may be utilized in a catapult.

"Now, Tommy," began his father, when the young hopeful had responded to a pressing invitation to assist at a vaudeville entertainment in the neighborhood. "I am sorry to say that it is my imperative duty to punish you. Not only do I regret it for your sake, but for my own as well. For believe me, this sort of thing hurts me a great deal more than it hurts you."

"You don't say," exclaimed Tommy, who appeared to be considerably affected by the solemnity of his father's manner. "Then I tell you what I'll do. I'm feeling pretty good to-day, and I'll give you a pointer. Just put a board in the seat of your pants an' it won't hurt you half as much."



HIS ADVANTAGE.

SLAPSHARD—Hello, old man! how are you?

SPUNKSUP—You have the advantage of me, sir.

SLAPSHARD—That's so. I don't know you.

One Advantage.

GUZZLE—There's just 'aish boat keepin' loaded all the time. Your wife can't shay, 'Oh, you better drunk again.' Hey, Lushley!

